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EIGHT TO SAVE THE UNIVERSE!

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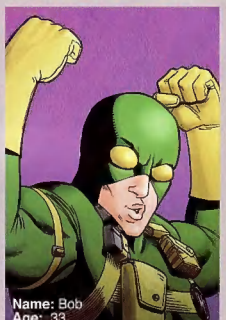

Name: Bob
Age: 33
Eyes: yes
Hair: hanging in there
Ht: 5'10" **Wt:** 183 lbs. (I'm on a time-travel survival diet!)
Occupation: Agent of HYDRA
Marital Status: Am I getting any? No. Then I must be married.
Home: Currently the Baxter Building. Nice mailman they have.
Favorite TV show: The Donna Reed Show
Favorite Movie: To Sir, With Love
Favorite Album: The Kinks "You Really Got Me"
Likes: The Fantasti-Car; Kirby crackle; Invisible Girl (in a "What does Donna Reed look like naked?" kind of way...)
Dislikes: portals to the Negative Zone; Ultimate Nullifiers; dishwashers bigger than the Pentagon

My name is Bob. I am an Agent of HYDRA. I am being held hostage by my friend, Wade Wilson, the Merc With a Mouth known as Deadpool. Wade and I were recently sent hurtling through time. We landed somewhere in Europe, roughly around 1944. Which, in and of itself, is kinda cool, except...

... we ran into the Scourge of All That Is Evil, He Whose Name Should Not Be Stated Aloud, Mortal Enemy of HYDRA, Captain America (who was a pretty nice guy) and his kid sidekick, Bucky (who, apparently, is not as nice as those nice comic books led us to believe).

Unbeknownst to us, meaning, we didn't know this, in our normal time, Wade's science-geek pal, Weasel, went to the New Fantastic Four--Black Panther, Storm, Human Torch and the Thing--to use their time-platform to try and rescue us.

Meanwhile, in the past, we searched for a Nazi scientist named Amim Zola, hoping he could get us back home. As it happens, we started... burping... chronal energy, conveniently causing short-term memory loss for anyone around us and eventually leading to a massive chronal... uhm... bowel movement... which sent us hurtling forward in time to...

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HOW DID YOU ACCESS THE TIME PLATFORM?
I DON'T KNOW, I SWEAR!
UHM...MRS. RICHARDS, PLEASE TELL ME THAT'S YOUR INVISIBLE FORCE FIELD I'M VAULTING OFF OF...
...I'D HATE IF IT WERE POKING YOUR AMPLE MATRONLY BOSOM OR VIVACIOUS HIPS...
HEY, MATCHSTICK, IS HE TALKIN' ABOUT SUZIE'S BOSOM?
NO--WHAT DID HE SAY? NO, BEN--HE COULDN'T--DOES MY SISTER EVEN HAVE A BOSOM...?
SBONG!
I'M SORRY! I'M NERVOUS! I'M RAMBLING! I CAN'T CONTROL THE EXCLAMATION POINTS!
I'M SORRY!
OW!
I'M SORRY!

AND SO...
--AND YOU ARE NOW SOMEHOW LEAKING CHRONAL PARTICLES--
--WHICH YOU BELIEVE IS SERVING TO DRAW YOU CLOSER TO YOUR OWN PRESENT DAY, WHICH IS OUR FUTURE?
YUP.
AND YOU'RE TECHNICALLY NOT AN AGENT OF HYDRA?
NO, TECHNICALLY, I AM, BUT I'M NOT RIGHT NOW. AND I ONLY DID IT FOR THE DENTAL PLAN.
I THOUGHT ONLY A.I.M. CARRIED THE DENTAL PLAN...
BOB, I'M SORRY, BUT I DON'T THINK YOUR THEORY CAN STAND UP TO SCIENTIFIC SCRUTINY--
FAST!
WHAT WAS THAT...?
THERE IS A HYDRA AGENT AT OUR BREAKFAST TABLE!
THIS IS GETTING OLD...
BRITNEY'S THONG IS EVERY-WHERE--STRETCHING--CHOKING THE LIFE OUT OF ME--!
OH... SORRY... MUST HAVE HAD A MR. FANTASTIC-INFLUENCED NIGHTMARE...
OOH, FRENCH TOAST...HEY, WE FIGURE OUT HOW WE GOT HERE YET...?

CAN YOU NARROW THE EGRESS POINTS FOR THEIR CHRONAL SIGNATURES TO MINIMIZE OUR SEARCH PARAMETERS?
SEARCH PARA... YOU WANT TO GO BACK IN TIME TO FIND THEM?
IT IS THE KIND OF THING THE FANTASTIC FOUR TENDS TO DO, MR. WEASEL.
HMMMMM
THIS WILL HELP YOU TRACK THEM AND SIPHON THEIR EXCESS CHRONAL ENERGY.
IT'S A LOCATOR, TARGETED TO FOUR POSSIBLE EGRESS POINTS BASED ON THE DIMINISHING STRENGTH OF THE CHRONAL SIGNATURE AS IT DEGRADED ALONG THE TIMELINE AND--
SHEESH, GIVE IT A REST, REED JR.-- JUST HIT WHATEVER BUTTON SENDS THE DELOREAN BACK IN TIME!

MEANWHILE, BACK IN THE PAST...
CAN YOU SEND ME FORWARD TO THE TIME WHEN I WAS MOWING MY LAWN AND MY NEXT-DOOR NEIGHBOR, MRS. NOWICKI, ASKED IF I COULD RUB LOTION ON HER BACK AND I RAN AND LOCKED MYSELF IN THE BATHROOM?
I'D REALLY LIKE A DO-OVER ON THAT ONE, PLEASE.
THAT WOULD ACTUALLY BE YOUR PAST, NOT YOUR FUTURE.
WHAT...? KIRBY/SINNOTT... THIS IS LIKE 1967, RIGHT?
I HAVE NO IDEA WHAT YOU ARE TALKING ABOUT.
NEVER MIND.
UHM... SHOULD I GO TO THE BATHROOM BEFORE WE LEAVE...?
YOU WILL BE BACK IN YOUR TIME WITHIN NANO-SECONDS.
I SHOULD BE ABLE TO HOLD IT FOR A NANO-SECOND...
HEH-HEH-- TICKLES.
THANKS FOR THE HELP. IT'S SO MUCH EASIER TO TEAM UP WITH PEOPLE IN THE PAST WHEN NO ONE KNOWS ANYTHING ABOUT ME.
EXCUSE ME--?
HMMMMM
NEVER MIND. BYE, GUYS.

BOY, A NANOSECOND SURE CAN FEEL LIKE FOREVER.
WE'RE ACTUALLY TRAVELING THROUGH TIME AND I CAN SORT OF SEE IT. SORT OF.
I FEEL LIKE I'M INSIDE A BILLY JOEL SONG, EXCEPT, WE KIND OF DID START THE FIRE.
PERHAPS I HAVE BEEN SPENDING TOO MUCH TIME WITH MR. WILSON.
THINGS WERE A LOT SAFER WHEN I WAS JUST A REGULAR HYDRA AGENT.
BUT A LOT MORE BORING, TOO...

WHAT WAS THAT?
FELT LIKE A ROAD BUMP.
OKAY, MORE LIKE A HEAD-ON, MULTI-CAR, TRACTOR-TRAILER COLLISION...
HEY, LOOK AT ME, I'M THE SUPREME HYDRA COMMANDER. COOL.
AH, ALLISON DURING THE GOOD TIMES... LOOK HOW CUTE TERRY AND HOWIE WERE...

JANE, STOP THIS CRAZY THING!
I REALLY HAVE TO GO TO THE BATHROOM NOW.
WHAT'S HAPPENING?
WE'RE GOING TO DIE!
DID YOU SEE THE ONE WHERE I HAD CLAWS? SNIKT!
GYAAAAAH!
I SEE THEM!

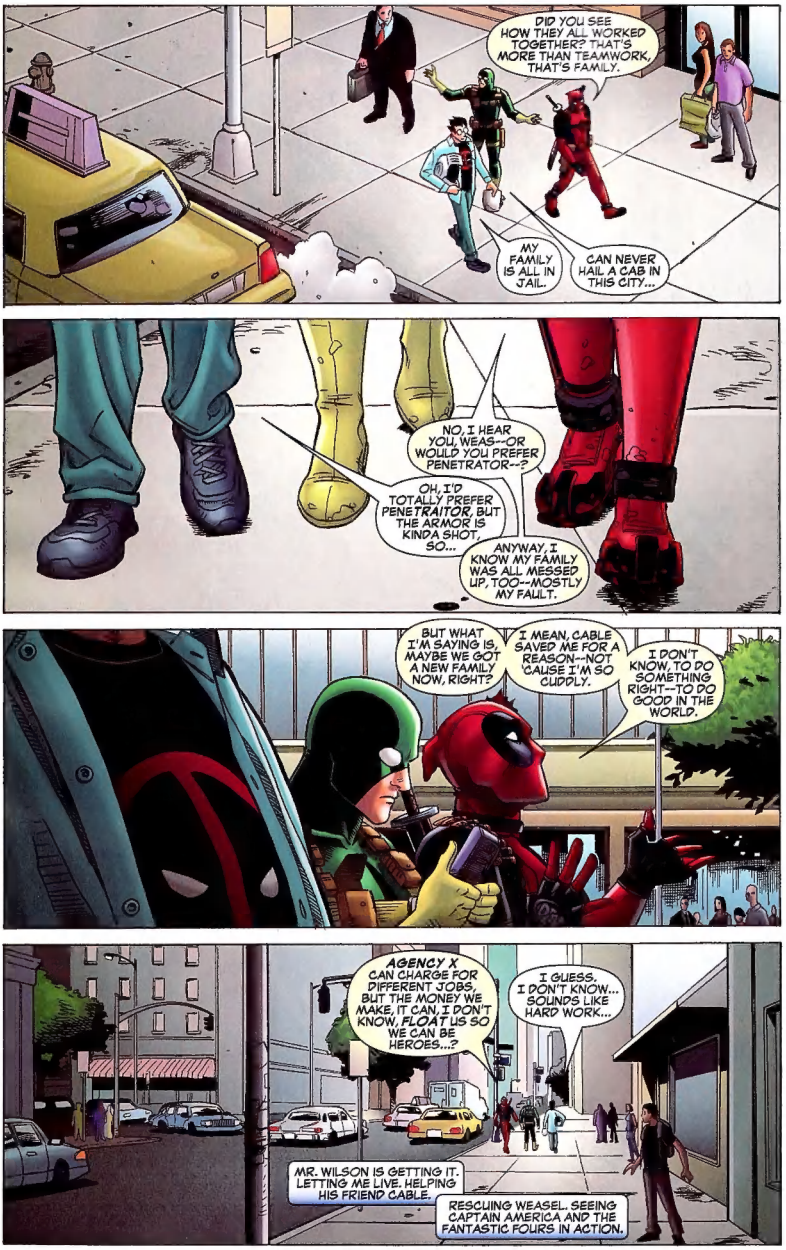
THE FURTHER THEY FALL, THE MORE THEY SEEM TO BE BREAKING UP TIME.
LIKE A PRISM-EFFECT, JOHNNY--THEY'RE CREATING BIFURCATED TIMELINES WITH THEMSELVES AS THE FULCRUM FOR THE DIVERGENCE STREAM.
ONCE, I'D LOVE TO HEAR YOU JUST SAY, "YEAH."
HUSH, BEN. GO AHEAD, REED. TELL US MORE...
NOW YOU'RE JUST MOCKING ME, AREN'T YOU...?
GENIUS NEEDS TO ASK?
HEY, BOB--LOOK--WE'RE SAVED!
KRA-KOW!
OKAY, MAYBE WE'RE NOT.
WHERE DID THAT COME FROM...?
OH.
UH-OH.

I'M SORRY, BUT WE HAVE TO TAKE OVER RIGHT NOW.
T'CHALLA--?
WHAT'S WITH THE UGLY MUG?
SUE ME. I FORGOT MY BOTOX.
WHAT'S THAT?
YOU ARE FROM DEADPOOL'S TIMELINE. COME TO RETRIEVE HIM?
YES, REED.
AND YOUR PRESENCE WITH BEN AND JOHNNY--AND THAT OTHER WOMAN...?
MY WIFE, ORORO, ALSO KNOWN AS STORM AND A FUTURE X-MAN.
DOES YOUR PRESENCE MEAN SUE AND I__
ARE ON VACATION.
AH, I SEE.
WE SORT OF...BUMPED INTO THEM... DURING OUR TRIP BACK--IT CAUSED THEM TO TUMBLE THROUGH THE TIME-STREAM.
WE COULDN'T LET REED TOUCH DEADPOOL WHILE HE WAS IN THE SPIRAL OR YOU ALL MIGHT HAVE BECOME LOST IN THE BIFURCATED TIMELINES.
NOR CAN WE LEAVE THEM FREE TO TUMBLE--SURELY YOU SAW THEIR DELETERIOUS EFFECT ON VARIOUS TIME-LINES...
NORMALLY, THEY ARE MERELY IMBECILES, BUT THEIR PRESENCE HERE COULD BE DOWNRIGHT CATASTROPHIC.

I BROUGHT THIS. IT'S INTENDED TO--
SIPHON THE EXCESS CHRONAL PARTICLES SUFFUSING THEIR BODIES, THEREBY CREATING A RUBBER-BAND EFFECT THAT WOULD CONCEIVABLY SNAP THEM BACK TO THEIR PROPER TIME.
I WAS GOING TO SAY "BRING THEM WITH US."
WHAT IS ITS EFFECTIVE RANGE?
A MOOT POINT TO SOME-ONE WHO CAN STRETCH WITHIN METERS OF THEM...
UNDER-STOOD.
SUE, YOU'LL HAVE TO PROTECT ME IN AN INVISIBLE FORCE FIELD AS I GO DEEPER INTO THE TIME VORTEX.
JOHNNIES-- CREATE A THERMAL UPDRAFT TO STABILIZE THE FANTASTI-CAR.
BENS-- YOU'LL NEED TO ANCHOR ME TO THE CAR AS BEST YOU CAN.
IT'S WEIRD, WE'RE SO FAR AWAY, BUT I CAN SEE THEM LIKE THEY'RE RIGHT NEXT TO US.
ALL OF THEM, WORKING TOGETHER... SO SMOOTHLY.

MR. FANTASTIC! SAVE US!
HELP!
WE BOTH SOUND SO PATHETIC...
SAVE US!
HELP!
BE PREPARED FOR A PAINFUL JOLT.
LIKE WHEN I GOT THE CEASE AND DESIST FROM SCOTT BAIO'S LAWYERS?
HOLD ON, EVERYONE--SUE--AS ALWAYS BEFORE WE ENTER THE GREAT UNKNOWN--I LOVE YOU--
FASHASH!
SO THEY FORGOT EVERY-THING?

THEY WERE CAUGHT IN THE... BACKWASH...OF YOUR SIPHONED CHRONAL ENERGY.
IT REALIGNED THEIR CHRONAL SIGNATURE, SNAPPING THEM BACK TO THEIR OWN TIME--AND, THANKFULLY, WITH NO MEMORY OF YOU AND BOB.
WELL, I GOT A MEMORY OF ALL OF IT, AND WHAT YOU GUYS DID--ALL FANTASTIC EIGHT--WAS PRETTY DAMNED COOL IN MY BOOK.
DO I HAVE TO SHAKE YOUR HAND?
IT WOULD REALLY HELP TO VALIDATE ME EMOTIONALLY.
NOW YA GOT TEN SECONDS TA GET YOUR MERCENARY BUTT OUT OF HERE. AN' TAKE THE HYDRA AGENT AN' WEASEL--
--SINCE ONLY MY AUNT PETUNIA KNOWS HOW MANY WARRANTS EACH OF THEM GOT OUTSTANDING...
SANDI AN' OUTLAW CAN STAY IF THEY WANT...HEARD THEY'RE UP FER A GOOD GAME OF POKER...
YOU'LL BE UP IF IT'S A GOOD GAME, TOO...
I CAN'T BELIEVE THE GIRLS STAYED...
CAN YOU BLAME THEM?
YEAH, I MEAN, GETTIN' TO HANG OUT WITH THE FANTASTIC FOUR? HOW COOL IS THAT?


DID YOU SEE HOW THEY ALL WORKED TOGETHER? THAT'S MORE THAN TEAMWORK, THAT'S FAMILY.
MY FAMILY IS ALL IN JAIL..
CAN NEVER HAIL A CAB IN THIS CITY...
NO, I HEAR YOU, WEAS--OR WOULD YOU PREFER PENETRATOR--?
OH, I'D TOTALLY PREFER PENE*TRAITOR*, BUT THE ARMOR IS KINDA SHOT, SO...
ANYWAY, I KNOW MY FAMILY WAS ALL MESSED UP, TOO--MOSTLY MY FAULT.
BUT WHAT I'M SAYING IS, MAYBE WE GOT A NEW FAMILY NOW, RIGHT?
I MEAN, CABLE SAVED ME FOR A REASON--NOT 'CAUSE I'M SO CUDDLY.
I DON'T KNOW, TO DO SOMETHING RIGHT--TO DO GOOD IN THE WORLD.
AGENCY X CAN CHARGE FOR DIFFERENT JOBS. BUT THE MONEY WE MAKE, IT CAN, I DON'T KNOW, *FLOAT* US SO WE CAN BE HEROES...?
I GUESS. I DON'T KNOW... SOUNDS LIKE HARD WORK...
MR. WILSON IS GETTING IT. LETTING ME LIVE. HELPING HIS FRIEND CABLE.
RESCUING WEASEL. SEEING CAPTAIN AMERICA AND THE FANTASTIC FOURS IN ACTION.